

N. Y. SOCIALISTS SCOFF AT IDEA OF BOLSHIEVSKI

Five So-called Leaders Deny
Knowledge of Soviets
on East Side.

LEE AND BENSON QUOTED
Reed and Eastman Types Are
Called Emotionalists Work-
ing to No Real Purpose.

Socialist party leaders in New York representing the established and relatively moderate and constructive groups do not take seriously the rumors of a system of Soviets, quietly organized in the city by Bolsheviks. No more serious do they take the audacious Bolshevik agitators of the Reed and Eastman stamp. Some of them call these persons emotionalists, working to no real purpose with their mouths. They do not expect Bolsheviks to try to get control of the regular Socialist organization or a radical faction to split off and become Bolshevik. They point out that Bolshevism has no use for orthodox political mechanism and that a system of Soviets would be a mechanism of its own.

Five Socialist leaders interviewed by THE SUN agreed that all they know about any local Bolshevism worth discussing is what they read in the "Capitalist press." One leader who did not wish to be named thought that in the present state of affairs in the world an appearance of Soviets through the East Side was not impossible, but he had not seen any. Another thought the rumors, like those credited to Ludwig Lewisohn and Santen Nourteva and heralded specially by Reed and Eastman, were all coffee house talk, signifying little.

Lee and Benson Talk.
Except Alderman Algonquin Lee, the socialists were unwilling to be quoted or even named, although Allen L. Benson, the last Socialist candidate for President and editor of Reconstruction, refused to an editorial of his on "Bolshevism and America" in the current number, which contained all he cared to say at present.

Mr. Lee said: "The genuine article, as considered by radical socialists and as an Extreme Left, Mr. Lee thinks that his own place would probably be that of a Centrist, and sometimes even further toward the Right. (The Right here, of course, means the conservative wing. No Socialist professes himself a decided conservative, even within the party.)"

"It is true that at present there is a right wing, a left wing and a centre in the Socialist party here. Yes, and perhaps a few more wings besides. The evidence that the Socialist party is alive is the fact that within it there are all these differences of opinion, more or less divergent tendencies, and reactions, and on one another and perhaps mutually balancing one another. In my twenty-three years of party membership I have never seen a time when it was not the case, and I do not wish it to be otherwise."

"We often differ sharply within the party. Sometimes some of us are low on the ground, and some are high on the ground. That is regrettable, but it is likely to happen in any group of men and women who are dealing with live questions and who are intensely interested."

Keep the Fights at Home.
"We make it a rule to fight out our party questions inside the party, not to discuss them in the non-Socialist press. There is nothing secret about such controversies, for our papers and magazines give them abundant space. But other periodicals could not take them as fully enough to make them really intelligible to the general public, and an incomplete discussion of such questions leaves readers who have no particular interest in them without the full. That is not the reason for our policy."

Mr. Lee, like the others, was asked if he expected to see the radical and possibly Bolshevistic factions at "break" and the party either seek control of his organization or detach themselves from it.

"I am not expecting a split in the Socialist party," he said. "A dozen times in the last dozen years such a split has been confidently predicted by outsiders. When I read these predictions I always expect that the split is father to the night. And then, a handful of persons leave the party, or a few of the strange type die a year or two ago, but for ten who succeed a hundred join to keep the party going and soon try to get back by a side door."

Mr. Lee said he knew of any other organizations now being formed outside the party to represent the ideas of the so-called Left Wing. Of course many things may happen without my knowledge. If such an organization as you suggest does appear on the scene I shall be naturally interested. There have been some in the past but they have not survived long."

Calls Secrecy a Contradiction.
"Yes, I have seen in some of the papers a story to the effect that a far reaching 'Soviet organization' is being secretly formed in this country. So far as I know this has no foundation in fact. A secret Soviet organization seems to me to be a contradiction in terms. The essence of the Soviet system, as it exists in Russia, is that the whole body of workers in each factory or other economic unit elect their delegates to a local or regional council, which in turn elects delegates to a great national congress, not only to elect delegates but to instruct them, and if necessary to recall and replace them."

How anything remotely resembling this could be done secretly is beyond comprehension. Certainly the Soviets of Russia did not begin in any dark conspiracy. Their origin was less romantic. The germ from which they grew was nothing else than the shop or factory council, which in turn elects delegates to a great national congress, not only to elect delegates but to instruct them, and if necessary to recall and replace them."

COL. HAYWARD'S OWN STORY OF OUR BATTLING BUFFALOES

How the 15th New York Infantry, City Negroes, Won Fame.

MANY CITATIONS GIVEN
Offensive in the Champagne
Marvel of Courage and Skill,
Commander Shows.

Citations galore have mentioned officers and men of the 15th New York Infantry (formerly the Fifteenth New York), and the regiment itself has been decorated. The organization is composed of negroes, and was gathered together by William Hayward, former Public Service Commissioner, who became its colonel. Here is Col. Hayward's own story of the Champagne fighting as detailed in a letter to a relative:

FRANCE, NOV. 9, 1918.
Have felt so upset from the "Boche" haven't tried to write you or any one else anything like a coherent account of the big battle in the Champagne starting September 26. I note in letter just received you guess us to be with the Tanks over Metz way. Now that we are clear out and in another part of France I can, I believe, without violating censorship, tell you where we were. We attacked in the assault wave of Gen. Gouraud's splendid Fourth Army, in which we served continuously from March 12 to recently. We had, concededly, the worst Boche stronghold in Switzerland to the sea, a few kilometers west of Argonne Forest, and attacked from practically our own sector, the one we last held, which was such a terror.

Our French division was composed of two white French regiments (both splendid units, and my regiment for the infantry, with the French artillery and engineers. The division came out of sector, all but two battalions, to be turned up for the attack several days before the party started. I was glad, because we needed the time and also because we had a chance to see the wonderful preparations, the assembling of shock units of infantry (we were in fact company), of artillery, pontoon trains, aviators, ambulances, etc.

All Prepared at Night.
Ammunition trains and supplies poured in for days, or rather nights, because it was all done under cover of darkness and then everything was hidden by day in groves, ravines and villages. It was a wonderful thing to watch going on. It went well and apparently with secrecy until the last day or two, when it got so big it just naturally overflowed into the open spaces and all effort at concealment appeared to me to have been abandoned.

At this time we were well within range of the Boche artillery, but oddly enough they let us alone. I did not see "hear half a dozen German shells in as many days, that is on our line or road. This was in marked contrast to their great attack in July, when for days Gen. Gouraud pounded them hard with his big guns. They must have known, too, for their planes were over us all the time.

Why one day a Boche plane came over, poured shells on a cloud, set fire to our observation balloon, shot and killed with machine gun the poor observer who leaped from the flaming balloon and was peacefully descending in his parachute. This Boche seemed then came still lower and darted over our headquarters so low that some of our men threw stones up at him, having no time to run and get rifles which were a few rods away.

Attacked with Full Equipment.
We attacked in assault equipment, blanket roll, with emergency rations, chocolate, sardines, hard bread, etc., carried in muntz bags (like school books) slung over the shoulder. The main burden the men had to carry was ammunition, cartridges, grenades, bayonettes, and of course the omnipresent gas mask and two canteens of water.

Well, the fearful day drew near and we finally moved up into position at night and stowed the men away in dugouts, tunnels, boxcars and trenches. Still very little Boche shelling, though our roads were congested with big guns, wagons, motor trucks and every conceivable form of walking or rolling transportation.

The hours we waited were interminable, or seemed so. The artillery preparation of the French wing was to be for 6 hours 25 minutes, starting at 11 P. M., the assault to follow at 5:25 A. M. In most cases the seconds soon try to get back by a side door.

Mr. Lee said he knew of any other organizations now being formed outside the party to represent the ideas of the so-called Left Wing. Of course many things may happen without my knowledge. If such an organization as you suggest does appear on the scene I shall be naturally interested. There have been some in the past but they have not survived long."

Called the Crawling Minutes.
So we waited and counted the minutes which crept by, made our prayers, nibbled chocolate, looked at a certain photograph, yawned, stretched and tried to appear cheerful and absolutely normal and unconcerned.

Then came the usual sector harassment fire by both artilleries, only a few of our old and land stabilized batteries, however, firing. The great mass which had crawled in at night after night remained motionless until the hour. There seemed to come a lull even in this desultory fire for a few minutes before 11, and just a few seconds, ten or fifteen maybe, before 11, one big baby away up westward toward Rheims spoke, then another and another and she rolled down away.

Suddenly, a flash, which seemed to be at my elbow, split out the nasty, sharp crack they have. We all jumped a little, and then—and then the world lit up like the Great White Way, and all the tall buildings in existence began falling in tin roofs. Nature blushed at her poor efforts at earthquake and the party



COL. WILLIAM HAYWARD, COMMANDING THE 15th NEW YORK INFANTRY

volume of roaring sound the guns made themselves felt the more remote, but terrible crashing of our shells as they burst on the German lines which made the most impression on me, but the noise they made going over our heads, tens of thousands of the noisy birds, big and little, every one delivering himself of a hundred "whews" and "shishes" as he went on his way. They seemed to me more than two feet above us. I wanted to stick my cane up and touch them. One could actually feel them in one's hair. The breeze was from the hard turn around and blow the other way. It was a solid, ten million dollar roof of whistling, hardening and terribly effective artillery and machine gun fire of the Boche.

How long was Dante in hell? We were in twelve days. I saw so much, endured so much, worried so much I can't remember half of it. Some days and every night it rained. I slept in holes, like foxes, when we slept, or in captured Boche dugouts. It was cold, oh so cold at night. We wished a shell would come along and blast us out of the world. If the sun came out and thawed us out we were afraid it would. When we crossed the Dornois River, where it widened into a swamp, all the way facing stubborn and terribly effective artillery and machine gun fire of the Boche.

There were many gruesome sights continually before us. I noticed that our men and the French when killed generally came to a heap, the omnipresent gas mask and two canteens of water. However, were all sprawled out. Maybe because we were always attacking and most of the time crouched down. Both our soldiers and theirs looked like the figures of wax works, except those mutilated by shells. We crossed a small cemetery, used until a few weeks before by the Boche, and the graves were mounded. Our artillery and tanks had pounded this spot until the graves were literally blown out of the ground. The Boche soldiers, just killed, were by no means the most revolting sights at this terrible spot.

But what's the use? After four days and nights we gained our second set of objectives and surmounted a great ridge which looked down its far slope onto the most wonderful valley and plain dotted with towns, lakes, chateaux and farms. This panorama spread out before us for miles and the sun was as bright as any June day.

Here we saw what I'm sure no men had seen before. We saw four divisions (twelve regiments) attacking abreast, with as perfect liaison between each other as squads could have. They were attacking in a line, four miles. My regiment was the centre of the four divisions we could actually see. Our guns were close behind us and the German artillery behind their infantry. And what a duel they had—the way artillery generally fight duels—bring on each other's infantry instead of one on another.

This made a double belt of flame, smoke, tossed up men, earth and debris along our whole front. I shall never forget it if I forget all else in life. The sky was full of aero duels, battles between great acrobatic airplanes, circling and dived and dived from ground batteries. I saw fifty-seven French planes in one fleet. They looked for all the world like a great flock of wild geese on the Missouri, flying V, shaped point in front. At that it looked like the Boche planes could come over at will and by shooting off fireworks in the air succeed in jamming our lines for their artillery to get the range on us.

We were almost constantly in an atmosphere of gas, wearing masks, but fortunately it was arsenic and phosgene, not the deadly mustard or yperite, which latter we had but once. I think I have not gotten over the stuff yet and I never will. It took most of the lining out of our nostrils, throats, lungs and all mucous membranes. We cried like orion peepers and sneezed like the worst hay fever victims in the world and all had whooping cough.

At the end of our twelve days we came out with our division, what was left of us, which included twenty officers. It wasn't a bit of fun any of the time, and these guys who are changing in the rear or in the United States just thirsting for more and glory may have my place next time.

I enclose a page from French paper which I have marked which shows the progress of our attack. It is just the chalky clay of Champagne. The town shown on another sheet, or rather the nose of the now nonexistent town, we captured with cannon and prisoners. It was here Major Spencer was hit six times by machine gun bullets. He is badly wounded and can't ever return to active duty again I fear.

The American army constituted the right wing of the great attack and were over to our east the other side of the Argonne Forest. An American General who was there told me they heard our artillery preparation (which was several hours longer than the American) and it sounded, even in the distance, like the end of the world and looked like it too. The gun flashes lit everything up so. Of course it was the only way these terrible Boche positions could have been

BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS. BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS. BROOKLYN ADVERTISEMENTS.

ABRAHAM AND STRAUS

Every Station on the West Side and East Side Subway Lines is an Entrance to the A. & S. Private Subway Entrance, for a 5c Fare.

The Great January Sale of Housewares---25% Savings

A Household Event of First Importance

Shall we call it "an old-time sale of Housewares"? That about describes it because we have been able to gather, at lower prices than have been possible in a long time, lot after lot of much-wanted household utensils, to sell at prices that are surprisingly and gratifyingly low.

Average savings, for perfect, trustworthy goods, are one-fourth, with many items showing still greater economies. Here are some of the principal offerings—share promptly in them, for lots are in some cases necessarily limited:

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| <p>Floor Brooms, 74c, regularly \$1.19
Floor Mops, large, 29c, regularly 49c
O' Cedar Mops, 49c, regularly \$1.00
Galvanized Garbage Cans, 94c, regularly \$1.89
Galvanized Ash Cans, \$2.49, regularly \$3.98
Cast Iron Skillets, 69c, regularly \$1.09
New Process Oil Heaters, \$4.89, regularly \$6.98
Miller Oil Heaters, \$5.89, regularly \$7 and \$7.50
Rotary Ash Sifters, \$3.39, regularly \$4.50
Aluminum Double Boilers, \$1.19, regularly \$1.89
Aluminum Coffee Percolators, \$1.09, regularly \$1.69
Abtbrook Clothes Wringers, \$5.89, regularly \$7.98
Abtbrook Vacuum Cleaners, \$28.89, regularly \$38.75
Velox No. 2 Sewing Machines, \$17.98, regularly \$25.98</p> | <p>Clothes Pins, boxes of 100, 23c, regularly 32c
Clothes Dryers, 69c, regularly 89c. Three-fold.
Ironing Tables, \$1.39, regularly \$1.89
Wash Boilers, \$2.39, regularly \$3.29
20 Mule Team Borax, 9c, regularly 14c
Round Casseroles, nickel plated frame, \$1.14, regularly \$1.69
Baking Dishes, nickel plated, \$1.98, regularly \$2.49
Fibre Pails, 74c, regularly \$1.03
Blissell's Standard Carpet Sweepers, \$2.79, regularly \$3.25
Floor Brushes, 89c, regularly \$1.29
Carving Sets, 3 pieces, \$2.59, regularly \$3.49
Bread Boxes, \$1.98, regularly \$3.39
Special Sale of Trunks, \$8.98, regularly \$13 to \$18.89
75 Abtbrook Refrigerators, \$19.98, regularly \$29.98</p> |
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Deliveries during the week. Subway floor, East Building.

New Ready-to-Wear Hats, \$2.95

Rough Straw with Georgette or Satin

Designed for immediate service are these pretty woven glossy straw Hats. At least half a dozen shown in different new styles—all smart and becoming.

There are pokes and jockey effects, tricornes and close-fitting turbans—each Hat bright and fresh and new, just out of the original packing cases.

HENNA, PEKIN BLUE, DARK BROWN, NAVY, DUST, TAUPE and BLACK. The trimmings of ribbon, in bows or cockades.

Street floor, East Building.

The Clearance of Women's Suits, \$32.50 to \$75.00

Formerly \$39.75 to \$98.50.

All are stunning models, mostly in plain-tailored styles, though some are trimmed with fur. All the jackets are lined throughout with beau de cygne. Sizes 34 to 44, and a few extra sizes.

SILVERTONE, VELOUR, DUVET DE LAINE, BROADCLOTH, MELTON CLOTH AND NOVELTY FABRICS.

Second floor, Central Building.

100 Men's Suits That Are Extraordinarily Good at \$18.75

In the first place, any man who has had occasion to buy a Suit within the past six months knows that it is practically next to impossible to get a GOOD Suit at \$18.75.

Here is where we make it possible, and bear in mind that it is out of the question today to produce Men's Suits of equal quality to sell at this price. The materials, trimming and tailoring match up with garments being offered about town at a considerably higher figure.

Blues, both plain and self-patterned, and browns and grays in mixtures.

In the lot are both regular and stout sizes.

Second floor, Men's Shop, East Building.

10,800 Cans of Beans, 11c Can

18-Oz. Net, No. 2 Cans—Plain Boston Style

All you have to do to enjoy these delicious Beans is heat and serve them.

Counter Deliveries Only—Limit of 6 Cans to a Customer

United States Food Administration License Number G03078

Third floor, West Building.

Great Monday Bargains in Brief

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| <p>Chronos Watches, Gold-filled, 20-yr. cases—15 jewel movements, \$20.00 to \$24.00.
Women's Cotton Stockings, 14c Pair.
New Black Satin, 36 inches wide, \$1.49 Yard.
Navy Blue and Black Storm Serge, \$1.39 Yard, from \$1.98.
Stamped Linen Centerpieces, 39c, regularly 65c.
Wool and Fiber Rugs, 6 x 9 feet, were \$10.50 Now \$8.50.
100 Piece American Porcelain Dinner Spts., \$19.75, from \$24.98.
Men's Fancy Shirts, 98c, for \$1.75 to \$3.00 Grades.
400 different patterns of printed Voile, 48c Yard.
Fine Embroideries, 15c to 25c Yard.
Muslin Sheets, 2 x 2 1/2 yards, \$1.19.
Oil Painting, "Venice," \$175.00, regularly \$249.00.
Women's Spring Model Serge Dresses, \$13.98.
Mercerized Table Damask, 79c Yard, regularly \$1.19.
Philippine Lingerie, \$2.19 to \$3.98, formerly \$2.69 to \$4.98.</p> | <p>Abtrest Corsets, \$2.98, regularly \$3.98.
Women's Separate Skirts of Wool Serge, \$6.75.
Misses' Afternoon Dresses of Taffeta, \$10.98.
Women's Russia Calf High Shoes, \$6.95, from \$7.95.
Flannelette Kimonos, \$1.49.
Children's Cambric Drawers, 79c and 98c.
Boxes of Fifty Cigars, \$2.50.
Taffeta Plaid Ribbons, 4 1/2 inches wide, 29c Yard.
Boys' Long Overcoats, \$10.75, grades regularly \$12.75 to \$14.75.
New Cretones, 48c, 59c and 69c Yard.
Imported White Domet Flannel, 49c, regularly 68c.
Full Size Bed Spread, white satin finish, \$4.50, imperfect numbers of \$3.50 Grades.
Fast Black Stained Venetian Cloth, 32 inches wide, 67c, 75c and 98c Yard, regularly 79c, 89c and \$1.25.
Gold and Silver Laces, 18 and 32 inches wide, 89c to \$2.25 Yard.
No. 7500 Long Cloth, yard wide, in 10-yard lengths, \$4.19, regularly \$4.69.</p> |
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Street floor.

Watch for the Very Important TUESDAY BARGAINS Which are NOT ADVERTISED, but May Be Recognized by Special Signs Displayed in Various Departments Throughout the Store.

SUDDEN THAW CUTS LAKEWOOD SPORTS

LAKEWOOD, Jan. 18.—Ice sports held first place here the early part of the week, but a sudden rise in temperature in Tuesday afternoon, which was sport and visitors were compelled to return to the mild weather sports.

Riding was pleasant and the bridge paths were greatly frequented. On Monday at the Laurel in the Pines Saddle Club were Mrs. Otis Smith, Miss Harriet Knapp, Miss Lucking, Mrs. De Witt, Mrs. H. B. Jones, Miss Harriet and Miss Virginia McKee of New York. Golfing too proved a popular feature the latter part of the week. The members of the Country Club were well patronized.

Through the efforts of Mrs. Arthur B. Clavin, acting for the Village Improvement Association, a large ice carnival was scheduled for Tuesday evening. There were to have been prizes given for the best costume and best fancy skaters, but the sudden thaw prevented the merry-making and the event was postponed.

The Laurel House Gun Club held one of its regular clay bird handicap shoots during the week. P. R. P. Randolph of Philadelphia and Lakewood, shooting at scratch, captured the trophy for high gun with a score of 96.

Resort interests were attended the annual dinner of the Chamber of Commerce on Tuesday evening at the Oak Court Hotel in force. A movement for a special election for a large ice carnival of government was instituted at the meeting. Petitions are being circulated. The eighth annual meeting of the New York C. A., which is maintained through the generosity of wealthy sportsmen here, was held last evening.

Mrs. Agnes Helen Davis has been spending the week at the Laurel. Mrs. B. Talbot and daughter of Flushing have been spending the week with Mrs. Davis's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Samuel D. Davis of New York. Mrs. Ruth Shipley of New York is visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Rockwell. Miss Julia Cahill of New York is the guest of Mrs. H. Clayton at the Laurel. The Pine Ridge and Mrs. A. Adams of New York are at the Laurel House, the guest of Miss Martha Jamison. Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Hodges, who are at the Laurel House, entertained an dinner for Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Emerson of Montclair.

SUFFRAGISTS TAKE NOTICE.

NOW that women have been elected to Parliament, will they keep their hats on when addressing the Speaker? And will the male members of the House of Commons maintain their propriety while on the benches with perhaps a woman sitting beside them?

The war has turned England upside down despite its tendency to observe tradition and the first session of the new Parliament should be a wonder in many ways.

Already the English papers are discussing these things and it is not strange to assume that the women members will attend the sessions, which always are held at night, in evening dress. These papers, however, disagree and the first session of the new Parliament should be a wonder in many ways.

Says one, quite naively, "A male member takes off his hat as a matter of course, because the uncovering of the head is in his case a part of ceremonial respect. But a woman's hatlessness has no such significance and it is likely she will be allowed full liberty either to wear or not to wear her headgear."

(Continued on Thirteenth Page.)